

ZION'S HERALD.

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THE PRODIGAL'S CALL.

BY REV. J. H. BEALE.

If long thou hast wasted thy days
Away from thy Father's kind roof,
And walking in sin's crooked ways,
Afar from the good kept aloof,
At home where the servants have bread,
Thy Father, who yearneth for thee,
A welcome as though from the dead
Will graciously give — "Come and see!"

Though poverty's rags thou dost wear,
And misery's stamp on thy face,
Thou needest no longer to fear
The shame of polluting disgrace.
His kiss will thy sorrow beguile;
An hour of rejoicing shall be
The pledge of His favoring smile
In tokens of love — "Come and see!"

The flattering friends thou didst find
To hover around in the light
Of fortune, grew suddenly blind
When settled the coming night.
Was one of them ready to start
His head, and compassionate thee?
But enough still remaineth to spare
On home's loaded board — "Come and see!"

Arise in thy manhood restored,
And leaving temptation behind,
The past with its record deplored,
Confessing thy folly so blind,
Oh, rise from the groveling dust,
From sinful companions break free;
To maddening passions and lust
No longer give heed. "Come and see!"

THE INDIRECT EVIDENCE.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. BAKER.

A few Sundays ago the writer heard a powerful sermon. It was, in fact, a singularly powerful sermon in this sense, that, although preached by one who is throwing himself headlong against the Gospel, its effect, upon one of his hearers at least, was to confirm that Gospel, beyond almost any discourse he had ever heard. The statements of the speaker contradicted each other so continually, and with such mathematical accuracy, that, by their very array of conflicting negatives, they made out a complete affirmative of the truth endeavored to be overthrown. More than that. If I had been a drunkard seeking to know how to be saved from my thirst, or an anxious soul desiring information as to salvation, the one thing I would have learned with perfect certainty was that the preacher knew of nothing which could help me. Not that he was not himself thoroughly assured, but, then, the sole thing of which he was assured was that the Tabernacle and all holding with it were utterly wrong. Even if that assurance could have been accepted, what good was there in it as a prescription for the perishing?

And thus it came to pass that one hearer, at least, went away rejoicing that the old-fashioned Gospel was still the very latest fashion of power, so far as its competitors are concerned, for the saving of souls — the sole and only power.

Our Saviour said that if He was lifted up He would draw all men unto Him. It would seem as if He is causing some things which are wholly apart from Himself to aid this process, by, as it were, pushing men toward Himself from behind. Take, for instance, the last two novels of Mr. Jones, published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. This author has an unusually clear and beautiful style, and he places the men and women of his books vividly before us, in virtue, manifestly, of describing what he has himself thoroughly observed. If not experienced, among people. Examine the first of these stories. The hero is evidently the author's ideal of a man — rich, generous, of the highest excellence in every sense. This gentleman finds a poor young man of artistic tastes, who, with his old mother and his betrothed, is buried in a dull New England village. He takes this embryo artist to Italy at his own expense, and there the gifted

youth develops into a genius of the highest order. In Italy the two are thrown into company with a lady whom the author makes his ideal of the loveliest female beauty. The artist forgets his betrothed, and conceives a passion for this beauty purely on account of her physical perfection, aware all along of an utter heartlessness in her, of which the poor girl is herself bitterly sensible. In the end she sells herself, under her mother's compulsion, to an Italian prince by marrying, although she detests him. Meanwhile, the genius of the artist is exhausted, and he escapes from forming a guilty relation with the beautiful bride by dying in a way which looks like suicide; the beauty being dismissed from the story with the intimation that she is on the high road to ruin with whatever lover may come next.

All this time the rich benefactor is represented as being in love with the New England girl whom the artist has ceased to love. She does not return his affection, and so the story ends. Wealth, health, youth, beauty, highest social advantages, refinement, greatest nobility of character, are vividly described merely in order to delineate the speedy and absolute failure of them all! The author may be faithful to actual life in that, but the painful part of it all is, so far as this story is a criticism, the entire ignorance of the writer as to any remedy against such disastrous failure. The character of the New England girl illustrates this. When the artist ceases to love her, the rich benefactor is said to have become enamored of her. She is the author's ideal of Puritan piety, yet is nothing but a waxen image, colorless and cold, a corpse in comparison to the brilliant beauty, awakening only deepest aversion in the mind of the reader; and this, against the wish of the author, apparently because of his unconsciousness of wherein the loveliness of such a woman would consist. It does not wrong Mr. Jones to say this. He tells of an interview between the beauty, who afterward marries the prince, and the rich benefactor, in which she confesses her frivolity, and expresses her passionate desire to know him, as if the only one to whom she can go, if there is anything in religion, in Christ, to which she can turn for rescue. He sees her trembling on the brink of destruction, and all he has to say to her about any salvation in religion is in icy syllables, that he knows nothing whatever upon the subject.

The same story is repeated in another shape in his latest book just completed. In this, the hero is an American who has made an immense fortune in business, and who goes to Europe with the exclusive intention of enjoying himself, but not in degrading courses. Although not a person of education and refined tastes, like the men of the former volume, this hero is described as pure and noble, generous, truthful, and pre-eminently sensible. And what is the result of this energetic effort after happiness under the most favorable conditions? The same as before — disastrous failure, and hopeless failure. For there is no intimation that there exists in the universe any suggestion, even, of a remedy. And these two powerfully written fictions, but the continuations of so many pictures of life by skillful hands in all lands and ages, what are they but sermons, preaching, however indirectly, the same Gospel?

Here lies a man in a dying condition. He has but two physicians in all the world, and both are agreed that his case is desperate. If one of these physicians declares that he, at least, knows of no cure for the perishing man, surely the wisest thing the patient can do, as it certainly is the only thing, is to turn away the eyes growing glazed in death to the one physician left. And when this Great Physician not merely assures the sufferer that He can heal him, but points also to millions whom He has healed in the past, to multitudes who profess to have been lately made well by Him, surely it is better to turn to that Healer than to lie in pain listening to any clamorous contradictions on the part of His rival. The one thing which unbelievers most clearly is that it can do nothing for us. With Peter we will say to Jesus, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life; and we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."

UNBELIEF.

BY REV. L. R. DUNN.

Notwithstanding all the utterances of the Word of God upon this question, there are very many who do not understand its nature, or perceive its fearful, and often fatal, consequences. Very many speak of it as an involuntary state, as an infirmity, as a condition which they cannot change, as something to be deplored and mourned over;

but yet which they do not regard as possible to be delivered from. But it is well to inquire right here, "What is unbelief?" Without answering this question in its general aspects and bearings, but confining ourselves to the word and its cognates as used in the Bible, we answer, "It is thinking and acting as if what God says is not true." This definition will hold good, we think, whether unbelief refers to God — His existence, His character, and His promises — or to His promises, provisions and covenants to, and for, His creatures.

Now, what we shall say in this article is not designed for the atheist, the deist, or the skeptic who denies the truth of revelation, but for those who profess to believe the Bible, with all which it contains. There can be no doubt that while theoretical skepticism in all its forms, would be denied by this class of persons, yet there is a vast amount of practical skepticism among them, which is producing its fearful consequences not only upon individual character and conduct, and upon the Church of God, but which is, also, alarmingly affecting the greatest and best interests of mankind. We take the position, then, squarely, that faith on the one hand, and unbelief on the other, are voluntary states, or conditions, of the mind and heart; that men have the power to believe God's Word, or the power to disbelieve it; and, further, that because of these things they are responsible for these conditions, and will be rewarded for their faith, or punished for their unbelief. At first sight, it would seem to be almost useless to attempt to argue these points; but while, intellectually, men regard them as axioms, practically they regard them as untruths. There is, perhaps, no one point upon which the Word of God more clearly presents to our minds that of unbelief and its results. Both in the Old and New Testaments it is held up before us as the abominable thing with which God is displeased, while everywhere He has seen fit to express His pleasure with the faith of His people, everywhere He expresses His displeasure at their unbelief. A few illustrations will suffice. What was the crowning grace of those worthies whose names, gathered from the scroll of Old Testament history, are held up before us so prominently in the eleventh chapter of the letter to the Hebrews? Is it not faith? Was it not this which made them friends of God? Was it not this which enabled them to be the men and women they were, and to do the mighty works recorded of them? It was this, above everything else, which signified them, and which was the mainspring of their wonderful lives and wondrous deeds. Their names stand out upon the imperishable record of the Word of God, luminous with the radiance and the glory which this grace conferred upon them. Then look all through the Gospels, and see how faith was honored by the divine Son in the performance of His mighty works.

On the other hand, see how unbelief has brought upon men the displeasure and wrath of God. What was it which made Israel wander in the wilderness forty years, and scattered their carcasses amid its barren wastes and burning sands? What was it which occasioned all their murmurings and revolts, and ultimately kept the whole Egypt-born generation out of Canaan? And the ready answer is, unbelief. What is it that keeps men from Christ, salvation and eternal life, but unbelief? It would seem that, while other sins and crimes may be more dangerous and injurious to society, there is no sin which God regards as greater against Himself. We may illustrate this by appealing to our own consciousness. What is there that we naturally resent, as a greater indignity to us, than for a person to doubt or disbelieve our word? To intimate to an ungodly man, who is intelligent and sensitive, and who has a high regard for his word, that he lies, is sufficient to excite his wrath to the utmost, and often is avenged by a cruel blow, or the use of the instruments of death. And even with a good man, an intimation that his word is not to be relied upon will give him to the very centre of his being. But what does the apostle John say of unbelief in God's Word? "He that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record which God gave of His Son." This is what unbelief does, and it is this which makes it so offensive to His sight.

Now if this unbelief were not voluntary, then, certainly, there would be no ground for the fierce denunciations made against it in the Word of God; and the existence, or exercise, of it would be occasion rather for pity than for blame, rather for commiseration than for punishment. But God never speaks of it, or deals with it in His Word as occasion for pity, or for sympathy; but always as a sufficient cause for the visitations of His anger. This, indeed, as we have intimated, is a very different view from that which is ordinarily taken of this matter. Men, professedly Christian men, indulge in, palliate it, excuse it, and apologize for it; or they mourn over it, and groan for deliverance from it, and at the same time hardly think that they can ever be delivered from it. Now, if the Scriptural and common-sense view of this subject is the one to be regarded and embraced, it will sweep away forever all the host of difficulties and disabilities under which so many have labored and suffered, and been short of their spiritual strength and power.

It was something more than a dream of John Bunyan that Christian need not have been, should not have been, in "Doubting Castle" for a single moment; for he had the key in his own bosom which would unlock its iron doors and swing them wide open upon their rusty hinges. Indeed, he ought never to have been there at all. There are multitudes of Christians shut up in unbelief, bruised and boundaged, faint and dying, who, if they would only see how open the door of escape is, might be vigorous, joyful, useful and triumphant sons of God. The great sin of the world, and the great sin of the Church, is unbelief. True, if you ask almost any member of our Churches or congregations, "Do you believe God's Word to be true? Do you believe what God says?" he will say most certainly, "I do." And were you to call him an infidel, or skeptic, he would be insulted. And yet, after all, that Word may have no more effect upon his heart and life than the shimmering moonbeam upon an iceberg. And it is this practical unbelief with which we are dealing. Of what use is it for men to believe in God, unless they love, serve and obey Him? What benefit will it be to a sinner to believe that Jesus died for his salvation, unless he experiences the benefits of His death in his deliverance from sin? Of what avail is it for men to believe that there is a heaven, and yet turn their backs upon it and make no effort to obtain and enjoy it? And of what profit is it for men to believe that there is a hell, and yet make no effort to escape from its burning fires and its everlasting destruction?

These beliefs, of which men sometimes boast, are hid away in the dusty and cobwebbed dormitories of the soul, and exercise no salutary power upon either their character or conduct. Faith, the faith which God requires, the faith which all men, through grace, have the power to exercise, not only assents to, or is persuaded of, or accepts as true, what God says, but it leads the one who has it, to act accordingly. And unbelief is so fearful and so damning, because it leads men, no matter what their intellectual beliefs may be, to act as if what God said was not true, or worthy of their attention and regard. It is, indeed, an insult to God, and a crime against Him. There are, it is true, different degrees of this sin. Sometimes it is partial, and is antagonized by a faith that repels it, or holds it in check; sometimes it produces an eclipse of the soul, and holds it in its iron bondage. But it ought not to have any existence in the believer's soul. It should be, it may be, slain on the spot, and trouble him no more. In any stage of its existence it is dishonoring to God; in its full power, it is damning to the soul.

But it is asked here by some doubting, one, troubled and distressed by unbelief, "Is not faith the gift of God? How, then, can I believe unless God imparts to me this gift?" Faith is the gift of God, just as sight, hearing, taste, and smell are His gifts. God gives us the power to see, hear, taste and smell, but the exercise of that power is our own. So God gives to every man the power to believe, and he may exercise that power if he will. Again, it is asked, "Did not the father who brought his afflicted son to Christ, say 'Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief?'" Yes, but who was this father? and for what did he ask? He had probably never seen Christ before, and had heard and known but little of Him. And then, his prayer was not for himself, but for his afflicted boy. But how many Christians who have read, and heard, and known of Christ for years, shelter themselves under this plea, and cry out for help from their unbelief! They ought not to cry out another moment. Now, while any such man reads these lines, they should say, from the depths of their hearts, "Lord, I will believe Thee! I will never doubt Thee any more!" And if we will only be willing to look this matter squarely in the face, it will go far towards curing us. Who is it that we do not believe? It is God, infinitely holy, just, and true, who cannot lie, who cannot fail in His promises and covenants. But many say, "I do believe God; but it is myself that is the difficulty." Well, thank God, we are not required to believe in ourselves! If we were, we might not only doubt, we might also despair.

We are sensible that we have only touched upon this important subject; but we hope that these few words may arouse the attention of the Church, wherever read, and break the bondage in which some poor soul who reads them may long have been held.

METHODS OF MISSION PREACHING.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

Perhaps a brief sketch, a bird's-eye view as it were, of the various branches or departments of preaching to the heathen such as are mainly followed here in North India, would be appreciated by many readers of the *HERALD*. We will try to give them, so far as it can be done in a few paragraphs, a general idea of this work.

Bazar preaching, or the delivery of the Gospel message in the streets and market-places of the cities, has ever held a prominent place in the missionary's plans. As has been well said by one who understood it thoroughly, "It is at once the most difficult and most interesting department of missionary labor. To be able to collect and keep together a congregation, requires consummate tact and untiring energy. To be able to catch the attention of men who are passing by, intent on business or pleasure; to inspire them with an increasing desire to hear what is to be said, however unpleasant or condemnatory; to induce a promiscuous company, entirely unaccustomed to literary exercises, to stand amid the toil and distraction of the bazar, and listen while the preacher talks of spiritual things — to do all this successfully, demands a combination of talents really possessed by few. The quick ear, the ready tongue, the patient yet earnest spirit, the proper understanding of the intellectual and moral condition of the hearers, their prejudices or their desires, the quick perception and transparent exhibition of error, whether held by the hearers or put forth by an opponent — all these and numerous other qualifications are necessary to successful bazar preaching."

Notwithstanding the difficulties here suggested, this kind of preaching has been steadily carried on from the beginning of the mission, and is still very largely in vogue. We think, however, that in later years the conviction has been forcing itself upon the minds of most, that so far as the foreign workmen are concerned, this exhausting form of toil is not sufficiently profitable to compensate for the great outlay of strength. An experienced committee, who examined the matter in 1872, reported it as their opinion, "that the bazar preaching is not accomplishing the whole object of our mission to this people as we had hoped; for the better classes will not listen to us in the street, and the lower classes, though benefited, are not converted. We are, also, more than ever impressed with the fact that our present mode of bazar preaching is carried on at too great expense to health and life." And last year, a Presiding Elder, looking carefully over the largest portion of the field, records that, "the quiet preaching in a special neighborhood, or in families among friendly people, has been much more effective in bringing men to Christ than has bazar preaching. Is not too much seed lost in India by being scattered by the wayside, instead of being sown in well-prepared fields?"

Preaching at *melas*, of which there are many of the most celebrated within the bounds of this mission, thronged by hundreds of thousands yearly, is not essentially different from preaching in the bazars. A *melas* is chiefly a great fair or market-place where the people gather from a large sweep of country, and at the same time pay their devotions at some shrine, or bathe in the sacred stream. It is evident that those who would assemble on such occasions — very many of them, at least — would be of the more religious classes, and hence, it might be thought, more open to the words of truth. In some few cases this is doubtless so, but as a rule the religious people are all the more bigoted and prejudiced, more under the control of the priests, and more attached to the various means of merit by which they are expecting to win the favor of their gods. Still, occasionally a mind ready to receive the light is discovered, and great good is often done by the book-stall, where are sold the eager multitudes, immense numbers of Scripture portions, or Christian pamphlets and tracts.

Decidedly the most fruitful and satisfactory sort of preaching is that which is done in the itinerating tours among the villages. During every cold season, probably from every station of the mission, or very nearly so, a party is made up to take the field for an active campaign. The missionary, frequently accompanied by his family, together with such of his helpers and Christian servants as can be made most useful, goes into tent life, and, moving from place to place, often for many miles in all directions from his central town, strives in some way or other to reach the entire population. Wherever any special opening presents itself, or an impression seems to be made, considerable time is given to working up or deepening the interest; and where circumstances

seem to warrant, a native helper is permanently located in some hired house. It is thus that little circles of true believers, developing gradually into indigenous Churches, are usually started.

This seems the main hope of India's redemption. The villagers, as a rule, are much more accessible, more simple-minded, honest, and open-hearted, than the dwellers in the busy city. They have less to distract them. The coming of the missionary is an event in their quiet lives. Under some wide-spreading tree, or beside the well, or near the gate, he easily gathers them about him, when the day's work is done, and they eagerly listen. He sits with them round the common fire, or makes one in the circle at the threshing-floor. The attractive hymn is sung, the holy Word is read and explained, the great salvation is declared, and the thoughts of the tolling rustics are drawn away from their fields and crops to the truths of religion. They do not meet them with ridicule or with cold indifference, as do the loungers in the bazar. They think over and talk over what he has told them. The seed sinks down and sprouts up.

Still other forms of preaching have been faithfully tried. To reach the higher classes not accessible in the ordinary ways that suit the masses, many friendly discussions have been held in private houses or selected rooms fitted up for the occasion. Here those deemed it beneath their dignity to stand in a motley crowd, would sit and converse, or listen to arguments. Thus prejudices are softened, enmities dissipated, and mistakes corrected. Another means, slightly different, of reaching the same class, is by courses of lectures, sometimes in Hindustani, sometimes in English (so widely now is that tongue understood among the educated Hindus and Mohammedans), wherein the fundamental principles of our religion are plainly set forth, and objections refuted. In many of the larger stations of the mission, especially where a favorably situated hall is procurable or owned, this procedure has been fraught with excellent results. It has contributed not a little to that general leavening of the community with right ideas, which appears to be necessary before an extensive turning to the Lord can confidently be expected.

Mention might also be made of protracted meetings under some large, open tent or shade from the sun, where, for several days services are continuously held, the attention of the people for miles around more or less arrested and kept fixed on the Gospel, and often many awakened, perhaps even baptized. This has become an admirable feature of the work at the foot of the hills in the cold season, and has been well attested by good fruits. Not very dissimilar are the camp-meetings, held annually for a week or more at some place convenient of access to a whole province. Here, however, attention is chiefly directed to securing the real regeneration of such as have previously abandoned their idols, and the quickening of actual believers.

If we add to this imperfect description of the preaching work carried on, a simple reminder that here, even as in countries where Christianity is older, stated sermons are delivered every Sunday in all the churches and chapels, and many of the school-houses, for the edification of the flock and the bringing in of those not in the fold, it will be seen that this powerful and divinely-chosen weapon is vigorously wielded. And it will, without doubt, grow greatly in efficiency more and more, as the native preachers become from year to year better qualified to wield it; for already it is true, that most of the converts come through the instrumentality of these comparatively uneducated children of the soil, who can speak to the hearts of their fellow-countrymen as no foreigner can ever hope to be able to do. Let them but be thoroughly anointed from on high, and clothed with the panoply divine, and then, whether in the bazars, at the *melas*, among the villagers, under the tent cloth, or within the humble chapel walls, their word will be with power, and the sheaves of their garnering for the Master, many.

Will not all the readers of the *HERALD* join their prayers with ours for a special blessing on these native preachers and these little native Churches, upon whom so much, humanly-speaking, depends, with reference to the evangelization of this land? They are for the most part weak as yet, hampered by past habits, suffering from centuries of evil ancestry. They need great forbearance and most careful guiding. Do not forget to pray both for them and for us.

Lucknow, March, 1877.

The English Methodist says: "Dr. Cather has issued a circular recalling the fact that 500 years ago, on June 11, the Pope issued his three Bulls to the King and Parliament, the Primate and clergy, and the University of Oxford, calling on them to take and try John Wycliffe for heresy, and hold him at the Pope's pleasure. Dr. Cather has summoned a meeting to consider the desirability of commemorating this anniversary by forming a Wycliffe Bible College for the training of evangelists."

ZION'S HERALD.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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ALONZO S. WEED,

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THE CREEDS OF CHRISTENDOM.

Harper & Brothers have in press, and will shortly publish, an important work, entitled *Creeds of Christendom*, by the Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. It will be in three octavo volumes, and will present a thorough and exhaustive historical account of the rise, progress, and present condition of all the various phases of Christian belief that have been embodied in organized forms from the dawn of the present era down to our own day. We quote from its pages the following admirable analysis of the "character of Methodism:" —

"Methodism is the most successful of all the younger offshoots of the Reformation. In one short century it has become one of the largest denominations in England, and the largest in the United States, with missionary stations encircling the globe. 'The founders were admirably qualified for their work, and as well fitted together as the Reformers. John Wesley was one of the greatest preachers and organizers, and in the abundance of his labors perhaps the most apostolic man that England ever produced. As a revivalist of practical religion he may be called the English Spenser, as an organizer the Protestant Ignatius Loyola. His brother Charles occupies, next to Watts, the first place in English hymnology, and sung Methodist hymns to the hearts of the people. Whitefield, the orator and evangelist, kindled a sacred fire in two hemispheres which burns to this day. Their common, single, and sole purpose was to convert sinners from the service of Satan to the service of God, by means of incessant preaching, praying, and working. For this end they were willing to spend, and be spent, to be ridiculed, reviled, pelted and hooted by mobs, maltreated by superiors, and driven from the church into the street; for this they would in another age have suffered torture, mutilation, and death itself as cheerfully as the Puritans did before them. The practical activity of these men, and good men was equalled only by that of the Reformers in the theoretic sphere.

"During the fifty years of his itinerant ministry, John Wesley traveled a quarter of a million of miles, and preached more than forty thousand sermons." Charles Wesley composed over six thousand religious poems, in the study, in the pulpit, on horseback, in bed, and in his dying hour. Whitefield, besides traveling through England, Ireland, and Scotland, made seven evangelistic voyages to America, turning the ship into a church, and 'preached in four-and-thirty years up and down of thirteen thousand miles, many of them to enormous crowds, in the teeth of brutal persecution.' A day before his death he preached his last sermon of nearly two hours' length in the open air, 'weary in the work, but not of the work,' of his Lord. Fletcher labored in a more restricted sphere, as Vicar of Madeley, but just as faithfully and devotedly, visiting his people and the poor ignorant cottagers early and late, in rain and snow, studying intensely, living all the while on bread-and-cheese or fruit, and exhibiting an angelic type of character, so that Wesley, from a personal acquaintance of more than thirty years, gave him the testimony that 'he never saw him speak an improper word, or saw him do an improper action, and that he never knew a man so forwardly and outwardly devoted to God, so unblamable in every respect.'

"The pioneers of American Methodism were animated by the same zeal. Bishop Asbury, 'in the forty-five years of his American ministry, preached very nearly 16,500 sermons, or at least one a day, and traveled about 270,000 miles, or 6,000 a year, and presided in no less than 224 annual Conferences, and ordained more than 4,000 preachers.' He was ordained Bishop (1784) when the number of American Methodists fell below 15,000, and he died (1816) when it exceeded 211,000, with more than 700 itinerant preachers.

"Methodism owes its success to this untiring zeal in preaching the Gospel of the new birth and a 'full and free salvation' to the common people, to the churches, and the open air, and to its peculiar methods and institutions — itinerancy, missionary bishops, presiding elders, lay helpers, class-meetings, camp-meetings, conferences, and systematic collections. Methodism, as Dr. Chalmers characterized it, is 'Christianity in earnest.' It works powerfully upon the feelings; it inspires preachers and members with enthusiasm; it gives every man, and woman too, a distinct vocation and responsibility; it 'keeps all at work and always at it,' according to Wesley's motto; it knows nothing of Churches without ministrations, or ministers without charges, as long as there are sinners to be converted in any corner of the globe. Methodism is better organized than any other Protestant denomination, and resembles in this respect the Church of Rome and its great monastic orders."

TEN ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES.

These, then, are the ten chief inward principles which he believed all the facts, institutions, and history of Christianity, which would not, so far as we know, have struck root in the world at all but for the coming of Christianity, and which, wherever they are found bearing fruit, constitute a Christian, whatever be the outward profession; which, wherever they are not found, cause a failure, a falling short of the privileges and the hope, the consolations of Christianity. These ten principles let me, for the sake of clearness, briefly repeat. They are — first, the universal benevolence of God as our Father; secondly, the universal capacity for religion in mankind as His children; thirdly, religion is the sanctification of man, and morality is the action of religion; fourthly, the identification of moral goodness with the divine nature; fifthly, the supreme importance of charity, purity, truth and humility; sixthly, the necessity and the possibility of continued progress, both in the individual and in the race; seventhly, the reversal of the superficial judgments of the world; eighthly, the identification of things secular and things sacred; ninthly, the divinity of sorrow and suffering; and, tenthly, the spiritual character of real religion, both in worship and in doctrine. — *Dean Stanley.*

Professor Delitzsch, of Leipzig, has recently translated the New Testament into Hebrew for the benefit of the Jews of Germany, Russia and Poland.

gem. Those of our readers who take *St.*

The most attractive table of contents for the year is presented in the May number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. Prof. Burt S. Widener furnishes a very interesting paper on "The Age of the Earth," which is well illustrated, and containing curious information regarding them. Dr. Wm. B. Carpenter contributes a first paper on Mesozoism, on "Dysidism, Table-Turning, etc., considering these subjects historically and scientifically, and in an expansion of the features delivered at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in a paper on "Aqueducts gives, in a few pages, an account of the great water conduits of the world. Every one will be interested in

on the Habits of Ants. Having given the matter long and careful observation, he thoroughly knows whereof he writes, and

bringers to light many curious facts, theories and principles, all which Amédée Guillemin has a scientific, but quite interesting account of the New Star in the Constellation of the Swan.

Antique Marbles, by John D. Champlin, contains a very complete history of how and where the ancients procured their marbles, and also gives the artistic purposes for their building and artistic purposes.

The Wonderful Divisibility of Gold and Other Metals is shown by the experiments of A. E. Outerbridge, jr., Prof. Richard A. Proctor discourses learnedly on the Movement of the Planets, and explains why that mighty movements go on among them.

In Toad-Stool Eating, Julius A. Palmer, Jr., details in popular language the experience of an amateur toad stool eater. A fine portrait of Pres. F. A. P. Barnard adds this volume.

For the completion of a biographical sketchbook, The Editor's Table, the sketches, and Popular Miscellany are well filled.

For sale at D. Appleton & Co.'s Agency.

Nora Perry has a capital poem, Barbara

J. Gage and Julian Hawthorne. The essay of the number is by George G. B. ...

George M. Towle has a long critique on Harriet Martineau. Mrs. J. M. Church contributes an elaborate and seasonable article about Gardens and Gardening. E. H. Stoddard sings a pretty Bohemian song. Gold-
 story; and C. F. Adams puts into verse the Home of the two Dutchmen and the note—
 number. A very handsome and readable number.

Deronda's Mother is the title of a curious literary parallel, in *Littell* for April 28, in which a contributor to *Temple Bar* aims to show that the character of L-onora Charis, mother of Daniel Deronda, as drawn by George Eliot, is almost exactly paralleled by that of the mother of Isaac Disraeli, as portrayed in his life and Writings, by his son, the late Earl of Beaconsfield. The papers of unusual interest. Among them we note Proctor's Religion of the Great Pyramid; Moliere and His World, from *Temple Bar*; Natural Religion, Part 8, from *Macmillan*; Dr. Schilemann on Mycena, from *Nature*; Walter Bagehot, from *Spectator*; Mr. Cowden Clarke, from *The Athenaeum*; Sanluis de Compostela, from *the Academy*.

Harper's for May comes promptly to hand, closing the fifty-fourth volume of this popular magazine. We regret that we cannot speak as highly of this number as of the two directly preceding it. There is a marked falling off in the quality of the illustrations, both in the drawing and in the engraving.

band, closing the fifty-fourth volume of this popular magazine. We regret that we can-

by Mr. Treat, on Our Familiar Birds. The pictures of the mocking-bird and king-fisher are very poorly drawn, but the text of the paper is bright and readable. On the *Uak*, by Wirt Miles, is an instructive paper on the uses, antiquities, and curiosities of South America, with several illustrations of great excellence. The finest illustrations of the number are the eight by Fredericks, illustrating the beautiful poem, *I-trail*, by Mrs. Frances L. Mace. Ernest Ingersoll, in an interesting paper on the history of the Catskills, gives an enterprising sketch of a people dwelling in a hamlet in the heart of Ulster Co., who, within a hundred miles of the great metropolis, retain the primitive habits of as many years ago. One of our contributions to this article had been previously omitted, and that by the *Shan Maiden Spinning*, in which a wretchedly drawn female figure is represented as turning a wheel with her left arm, while her right arm, pivoted at the elbow, draws out a thread from an impossible spinning wheel, a picture which is entitled to the name of "woolly horse," stands gazing at the work from the door-step. In *An Old Gentleman's Recollections*, Horace E. Scudder gives some entertaining extracts from the diary of Mr. Samuel Brel, relating to society in Boston during the last century. The paper is embellished with illustrations from that gentleman's sketches. A. M. Guernsey has an illustrated paper on *Cameron's Journey Across Africa*. Solomon Paddy's *Courtship* is an excellent humorous sketch by E. W. Harrison, with several illustrations. The paper also tributes a fully and richly illustrated paper on *Florence, the City of Flowers*. Mr. Draper discourses on things that are invisible — the Nature of Sight and Visual Deception. Two short stories of considerable merit and

and Philadelphia, just after the Revolution, with illustrations from that gentleman's

tertainers are given.

ESQUENATOPHANY. By Capt. John Codman. Erems and a Woman-Hater—the latter eked out with the veriest trash—are continued. Excellent poems are contributed by J. W. De Forest, Maurice Thompson, Kate Hillard and Miles Lafargue.

EDITORIAL SUMMARIES about with novel and anecdote. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

THE CENTENNIAL POSTAL AND STATISTICAL MAP of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, including Long Island and the Hudson River as far as Troy, by far the best map of the above-named States ever published, on a scale of six miles to an inch, with all the railroads, post-offices, cities, towns, ports, rivers, county roads, etc., and with a population of the cities and towns. Published by J. Mayer & Co., No. 4 State Street, Boston. Price, in covers, \$1.00; mounted on rollers and varnished, \$1.50.

NEW MUSIC. From Oliver Ditson & Co.: Instrumental—*Petit Morceaux* (Lied de Mozart) for four hands, by J. Rummel; *Raketen Galop*, by Theodore Morse; *Clear Lake*, reverie, by W. C. Kidder; Evening Pictures (Fugues) by Gustav Merkel.

NEW BOOKS. *Myself and Myself*, by James words by Henry L. Mobley, music by Thomas E. Stewart; *Kissing Among the Clover*, words by Francis C. Long, music by Carl Richter; *Yawcoo Strau—*, words by Charles F. Adams, music by E. Franklin Adams.

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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1877.

The revival, in its most effectual and blessed form, is going on throughout the city and vicinity. The business men's meetings, and the prayer-meetings and special services of preaching, held in almost all the evangelical churches, have been fully attended, have been frequented by penitent persons, and have resulted in many conversions. General Swift has engagements for every night during the month. He remarked that he had been accustomed, during a political campaign, to speak for his party every evening, and he would not shrink from proffering the same service, if desired, for the Lord Jesus who had wrought such a work for him. His labors have been very useful. He speaks with much fervor, Christian simplicity, eloquence and moral power. He has the confidence and sympathy of his old friends, who recognize in his rescue a miracle of grace. May he be made, for many years, an instrument of good in the world to which he is now consecrating his time and talents! Our Congregational brethren publish their formal addresses to the Church, at the beginning of the month. Between two and three thousands were thus announced throughout New England last week. In our communion we are receiving members every week; and our Presiding Elders say they have never known such a period of general interest as at present. Accessions are received in all our Churches, and, what is better, the good work is still going on. Mr. Moody is to be at several of the meetings this week; but the Lord never wearies nor retires from the support of His servants!

The war in the East is moving on, as it seems to us at this distance, very slowly. Russia, however, is concentrating her immense armies on the Danube and in Asia Minor. The great debate occasioned by it goes on in the British Commons; the strength of it evidently being opposed to offering any aid and comfort to Turkey. There is, however, about equal opposition to favoring, in any form, Russia upon the plea of relieving the Christian provinces of Turkey in Europe of their Mohammedan ruler. The conservative plan seems to be, to plant the naval forces of England where her support shall be simply a guarantee of the integrity of the Suez Canal and her India route, and to preserve an armed neutrality. We shall be soon confronted with the familiar questions of the rights and duties of neutral powers. Russia has already formally announced to our government the existence of the war, and probably Turkey has not failed to be heard through her representative. Due diligence will be required to defend either belligerent power from using our ports and facilities as means of injury to its foe, while our mechanics and merchants, on the other hand, will be as eager as was England, ten years ago, to avail themselves of the new lines of commerce and manufactures which a great war will be quite sure to open. The war has now taken so pronounced a shape that there is little prospect of its interruption by the interference of European governments. It must apparently be fought out to its bitter end. There can be scarcely a doubt that the map of Europe, and perhaps of Asia, will be changed in its progress; and because we know there is one who has seen the end from the beginning, we doubt not the progress of Christianity will be furthered by the result. The wrath of man will praise God, and its remainder will be restrained. Protestant missionaries will be rendered, for a while, uncomfounded, perhaps, but their lives will doubtless be safe and their property preserved. We are represented by noble government ships with prudent masters, in Turkish waters, and our flag has always been respected by the Sultan and his people.

You, brother, with a generous income, are God's almoner. He gave you money, not to waste on yourself, or to ruin your family or friends, but to expend for the promotion of His cause, or to meet in some form the necessities of your less fortunate fellow-man. God might have retarded the fortune He has given you; or He might have committed it to more faithful hands and have left you dependent upon the crumbs of charity falling from His table. But He thought better of you, and desired to allow you the royal pleasure of dispensing His bounty to the poor, or to those enterprises in connection with His kingdom which are struggling to attain an assured position of usefulness.

How sad would it be should you prove recreant to this high trust, and instead of answering His benevolent purposes in the use of the money He has given you, become guilty of embezzling the Lord's goods! Use what the Lord has given you for the double purpose designed, and it will prove a blessing—a blessing to the giver and to the receiver; but divert it from its sacred chan-

nel, and it may be to you and yours, as in a thousand other instances, a curse and a curse.

Wealth is not a good in itself; it is only a means to some good end, and like all good things may be perverted so as to prove the direct curse to you and your family. Many a man in the outcome of life has reason to regret that he ever possessed wealth. Material prosperity has proved, in his household, moral ruin. The riches so generously given are moth-eaten. The man has proved delinquent in the duty pertaining to his high trust. Wealth is not a safe possession without a high moral aim and the use of that wealth to promote that exalted end. Become the Lord's almoner, and the largest possessions bear with them a benediction to all who have any connection with them. Never forget that you are administering an important trust for which you are to give an account in the court of equity above. The Judge will know of every mispent dollar and will require an account.

And now it seems that we are to have a dreary series of exposed frauds in the construction of public buildings, attended with melancholy loss of life. In New York a portion of the roof of the new Post Office has crashed in upon living men; and last Friday all the immense central dome of the county Court-house, at Rockford, Ill., fell in with a terrific crash, ruining the whole building, and involving the loss of, at least, ten lives and many casualties. It may be some relief to find what architect or builder is at fault, so as to know upon what name to pour the denunciations of an outraged community; but something more forcible than this is demanded. Only the highest possible penalty for aggravated manslaughter can be considered the smallest measure for the guilt of such an act. How significant it is that this same demoralized atmosphere of the hour spreads through all circles in the community, all forms of business, and all professions! Nothing but a great moral earthquake will effectually purify the air. The great reformations have saved the world from becoming Sodoms. The revival of the last century was the renaissance of England. Such a powerful reformation of hearts and lives will do more for us than any "administration policy," or even "civil service."

The way you enter upon your appointment will have much to do with your success or failure during your whole term of service. If you would sing the tune properly, you must be sure it is pitched correctly. If you would successfully run the whole course, you must avoid stumbling at the start. The earliest motion tends to communicate itself along the entire line. The old proverb about a bad beginning making a good ending is based on false philosophy. The beginning is the father of the ending, and a bad father is likely to communicate his vicious qualities to his offspring.

Begin the work on your new charge with faith, hopefulness, courage. Have faith in yourself, in your cause, in God. Believe in your inmost soul that something can be done, and dare to undertake to do it. Look on the bright side. You never see anything by looking into the dark; you never do anything by saying it is impossible. Nothing is impossible to faith. A giant without faith in himself and in God is a failure to begin with; but a child with implicit faith becomes a giant and performs wonders. The difference in men is largely a difference of faith and pluck. A confidence that permeates the whole being, clothes that being with power, and renders it fruitful in resources.

Do not strike your tune too high, but be sure you can rise at each step with the occasion. Gird yourself for a long race and a hard pull, and determine to put into the year the most solid work. The soil may be hard, but labor will conquer the difficulties and show a rich harvest of golden grain. Try this method with a little more determination than ever before, and see if you do not come off victor.

We have no sympathy with the "lymph, lavender" sentiment of some of our contemporaries in reference to the wholesome and vigorous action of the Presbytery of New Brunswick, in the instance of one of its members, but without doubt an able and popular minister, but one who confidently holds and openly publishes doctrinal opinions, upon vital truths of Revelation, diametrically opposed to the accepted creed and ecsthesism of his Church, and to the covenant upon which he solemnly entered at his ordination. Rev. John Miller, as any other minister, has a perfect right to hold and utter his own sentiments without "let or hindrance," however contrary to those of others. And it is his duty so to do; but not to do so while still holding outward fellowship with a Church whose pronounced, published and sworn-to belief he thus utterly repudiates, in vital points. We believe there is something in a solemn religious obligation and in an ecclesiastical covenant, into which we enter upon ordination. A man has a right to alter his opinions any day and every day. There is no lock upon the door of Christian fellowship. He may retire as freely and as honorably as he enters. But it is neither manly, honorable, nor Christian, to remain within the fold enjoying its immunities, and at the same time sowing on every hand doubts and dissensions; availing himself of the very confidence of a common ecclesiastical connection to secure a readier acceptance of his destructive views. Let there be among us no intolerance of opinion; let every man be his own standard, if he pleases; but let there be no hiding under the mantle of a venerable mother while a deadly weapon is aimed at the heart.

Two things are becoming as monotonous, as they are unpleasant and criminal: one is the failure of Life Insurance Companies; and the other is the revelations of the fraudulent use of trust funds. Last week another company—the Atlantic Mutual of

Albany—went by the board, and another "hitherto respectable man" in Brooklyn confessed to the fraudulent use of the trust funds of a relative. The severest penalties of the law are none too severe in these instances of unmitigated rascality. One of our young ministers called at our office last week, on his way to secure the possible fragments of a thousand dollars which he deposited with the Asbury Life Insurance Co., for a paid-up policy. He has no expectation of receiving a fifth of his money, without interest. In this instance, it was stupid management, perhaps, and not fraud; but in several late cases it has proved to be fraud, pure and simple, by which thousands have been deprived of their money without protection or prospective benefit. We do not wonder that distrust in all companies has been widely created. There are, however, institutions that, during the fierce competition of the last twenty years, have maintained their conservative and economical régime. Such companies justify the wisdom of their course by their solid success, and will find appreciative patrons. But this criminal use of trust funds is more serious than all. The terrible fall of late, by this offense, of an officer of a leading Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, is a significant sign and warning. These men that fall are, as it is proved, representative men. Others have been and are similarly tempted. Trusts must be looked after. Bonds must be taken in every case. We must all pray, "Lead us not into temptation." And the law must have its full sanction when a breach is made upon its letter and spirit.

THE PROVIDENTIAL SIDE.

For the last quarter of a century we have had the dogmatic side of the "woman question." Her intellectual, social, civil, and professional rights have been in constant, and not always grateful, discussion. The champions of her cause, of her own sex and of the other, have not always commended their arguments by their personal character, their correlated opinions, or by their persuasive manner of address.

There has been a severe struggle to secure her any separate recognition in law when the wife of another person. The question whether she may meddle, at all, with public service, as overseer of charities, reformatories and public schools, is still in debate. Professional and unprofessional men, in pursuit of truth or in defense of preconceived theories, are still considering the question whether woman can ever, as a rule, safely attempt to be a scholar. The questions, how far her studies should continue, and what should be their nature; whether she should study by herself or in company with the other sex; whether there should be separate seminaries and colleges for women; whether she should study medicine at all, further than to prepare herself to be a nurse, or whether, if pursuing a medical course, she should be trained in institutions conducted by, and only attended by, her own sex; whether she should practice law; whether she should preach, and if so whether she should be ordained; whether she should study political economy, have the privilege of suffrage, enter the lists of public officers, and have a personal part in the conduct of affairs, both State and national—these are all questions still in lively debate on the part of bodies of women in several of our cities, and their masculine supporters and opposers throughout the country. The results of the formal discussions of these topics and of the lectures of advocates of "woman's rights" have not been very striking, although doubtless much thought has been awakened, much light has sprung forth, and the inevitable progress of our civilization towards righteousness has been somewhat quickened.

The unwisdom, however, of many of the advocates of extreme views, and the lack of certain vital moral qualifications on the part of some of them, as well as the intermingling of many questions, some of them not so pronounced in their justice or expediency as could be desired, have hindered somewhat, perhaps, the upward and outward development of woman during this heated debate, or rather the formal acknowledgment of what is becoming the unmistakable design of God's providence concerning her. But during all this time a wonderful and powerful work has been silently going on. What avails it for woman to have the doors of colleges opened before her, if she is in no condition to avail herself of their opportunities? Of what advantage will medical instruction be to her, if she is not ready to present herself at the door of professional schools? What if our cities and towns are ready to seek her services upon school committees, and the State upon her boards of charities and reformatories, if she really has no fresh and valuable ideas to bring forward, and is not sufficiently cultivated to be entrusted with such serious and delicate responsibilities? What advantage is it to her to teach public assemblies, if she has not something of special value to say? What advantage is it simply for a woman to do anything or to say anything simply because she is a woman? Many of our thoughtful women are waking up to the truth involved in these simple questions. It is not simply opportunity that woman needs now, but ability to avail herself of it.

And this recalls the thought which suggested this article. Underneath all this outward babble and struggle, the all-wise and irresistible providence of God has been working out divine and benign results. Woman has been quietly, in this time, seizing every opportunity in her power to improve herself. She has studied out of her brother's

books, and exhausted the contents of his college curriculum. She has noiselessly entered many professional schools, in this country and Europe; and all at once, all around us, we now find admirable women, educated in law, in letters, in medicine and in theology. She has watched the signs of the times and kept pace with all providential openings, following even closely upon the track of armies, and administering hospitals with a care and tenderness, as well as intelligence, which they had never before received. She has marked the possible field of Christian endeavor, opening in the great reformatory and missionary movements of the day, and demonstrated her extraordinary abilities for portions of the work upon which the other sex did not, and could not, enter. All at once, when she seems to be just the needed reinforcement for the hour, she finds herself, by no presumption of her own, standing on the platform, and in the pulpit, reading and expounding the Scriptures, and directing with motherly tenderness and patience inquiring souls to the pardon and peace of the New Testament.

Here and now, break forth all around us calls for the voice and service of women. Ladies who had been, of all their sisters, the most modest and disposed to silence, but who were not only richly endowed with natural gifts, but, singularly enough, without knowing for what end, had enjoyed the discipline and culture of the schools, are peremptorily summoned from their quiet homes, to contribute the reinforcement of their thoughts and voices to the sublime work of establishing the Master's kingdom. And they are found abundantly equal to it. We have heard them, and been melted and inspired under their sincere, pathetic and eloquent words. They cannot help speaking, for God has opened their mouths. Neither can they cease speaking, for the Church clamors to hear them, and the claims of the perishing forbid that their voices should be hushed.

Now what is to be done about it? We may stand aloof from "woman's rights" and "suffrage meetings." We may coolly discuss the expediency of the ordination of woman, and of her recognition as a religious teacher. We may show that it is contrary to all precedent; that even the Saviour did not make an apostle of a woman, and his immediate and inspired followers did not ordain her. But what of all this? Who has, pray tell us, so marvelously thrust out women in our day, into the evangelical field? Who has unlocked her tongue, and placed a word upon her heart if she declares not the Gospel by which she has herself been redeemed? Who has opened all these wonderful doors of opportunity for improvement, development, and preparation? And what do they signify? Does God intend that all these rich and blessed gifts should be lost to His Church? Should be consecrated to personal or worldly ends, or be devoted to the high service for which they seem to be so eminently fitted? It is very evident that this question is bursting the swathing bands of ecclesiastical tradition that have long bound it, and that, if we would not haply be found fighting against God, we shall be obliged to consider wisely, and at an early hour, what attitude the Church is to hold to the govtly, educated, well-trained, and devoted women, whose forensic talent is, to say the least, fully equal to that of the best of the other sex, and whose moral qualities find few equals and no superiors among her brothers called to the same sublime ministries.

It is proper, however, to say, that, thus far, Providence does not indicate that any considerable number of women will be drawn outside of family relations, into evangelical work; perhaps no more than have been in other periods of Church history. It may be that these will be so few as to remain without embarrassment, exceptional laborers, and that the great body of educated women will find their places in educational, charitable, and reformatory institutions, or as the helpmeets, intellectually, spiritually and professionally, of Christian pastors and workers. In some direct and positive form, however, the full measure of their cultivated abilities must be recognized, and permitted to find scope in their life work, whatever their social relations may be.

PERE HYACINTHE.

The English and French papers abound in articles on Pere Hyacinthe's late appearance before the public of Paris. They describe it as an "event," a "demonstration." No man since the days of Lacordaire has been more popular in the Parisian Catholic pulpits than Hyacinthe, or rather M. Loysen, as he is now called. He is a natural orator, of a remarkably pure and vigorous French style; a brilliant, almost poetic, imagination, combined with a singularly keen insight; with a talent for precise and subtle discriminations of thought, not unlike that of Pascal himself; and a wonderfully rich notion of religious feeling. He is, without a very doubtful man, perfectly sincere and calmly earnest. Renan, the famous skeptic, after an hour's conversation in private with him, remarked to a friend that never had he been with a man who seemed so much like what he imagined Christ to have been in His *morale*, His temperance; and Renan, though he has written a rationalistic life of our Lord, has uttered as eloquent eulogies on his human character as have ever been written since Rousseau's famous "Confession of a Savoyard Vicar" in the "Emile." Richard Watson quoted in the

his Institutes, Rousseau's portrait of the Saviour; he could have cited almost as fine passages from Renan. Father Hyacinthe is esteemed a saintly man, however heretical; and his religious feeling is one of the chief elements of his pulpit power.

His late demonstration in Paris has been long anticipated with deep interest, for it has been well known that the government has been thoroughly perplexed about it, and has done everything to prevent it. The great orator's former Lent sermons, in Notre Dame, Paris, swayed the whole city and led to the conversion of many Protestants—among others to that of the American lady, who has since become his wife; and such a wife, it is said, as befits such a man. The government has, therefore, feared the sensation which his reappearance in the metropolis could not fail to produce. It forbade him to speak publicly on religion, lest the Romanists might be disturbed, and thereby disturb the public order. And then, is not Paris full of anti-Catholics, both among the lowest and highest classes? What *décal* would probably attend the eloquent declamations of this most eloquent man in France, if not in all Europe? His prohibition only helped the talented preacher. He was persecuted; the French Republic was afraid of free speech; Romanism was afraid of free open discussion from a man who knew it well from centre to circumference. What kind of republicanism is this? Such were the thoughts in all liberal minds, and, indeed, in all the journals of Europe.

The orator, however, found an old law which permitted him to hold his "meeting," but he was not allowed by the government to discuss religion or politics. So he gave a lecture, or rather an oration, on the respect due to truth. His audience was large—some four or five thousand—in the Winter Circus—one of the largest accommodations for an assembly in the city. It is said that not only the religionists (Protestant and Catholic) of the capital were there in force, but the students from the "Latin quarter," the journalists, authors, the "people of society," and, especially, the political "liberalists." He was received with enthusiasm. Some interruptions from Romanists occurred, but they were overwhelmed by the plaudits of the audience; and after two hours of eloquent speaking, he retired amidst the shouts of the great assembly.

The journals record his discourse, and it is full of logic as well as of eloquence. While he avoided the Catholic dogmas, he, nevertheless, took a very free range, discussing the claims of truth on the Churchman, the author, the artist, the journalist—all men. One of his most powerful passages was on, so-called, "apostasy" from truth, which he contrasted with what he called a worse vice, namely, "hypocrisy." The former was, tacitly, in self-defense; for men who, like him, have changed from popery, are hunted down, in France, with the charge of apostasy. He pointed out the hypocrisy of men who, for a party, adhere to opinions which they do not, cannot believe, sustaining popular superstitions, arrogated power, effect institutions, thereby retarding the progress of liberty, enlightenment, morality. Some of his Romish auditors must have seen their own portraits in the picture; or, if they did not, the assembly around them did. It is said that Vuillot, the inveterate editor of the Ultramontane *Univers*, was present, half hidden behind a pillar. Vuillot's hostility has crushed many a Catholic reformer, and prostrated, it is reported, Montalembert, the noblest Catholic of modern France. Let us hope the truth he heard on this occasion will do him good. No man has done more than he to lay in the dust the old "Gallic liberties" and honor of the Church of France, with which the name of her greatest ecclesiastical, Bossuet, is so nobly associated. He would, if he could, mediate the nineteenth century in his country; and the effects of the influence of his party may be seen in the overthrow of France in her last war with Protestant Germany.

We hail this "demonstration" of the eloquent ex-monk in France. We hope it is but the beginning of a brave and persistent war against the Ultramontanism which has been crushing her. Father Hyacinthe has the talents for a mighty work there; it remains to be seen whether he has the character for it. France needs evangelical heroes, perhaps martyrs.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Yesterday was bright and beautiful, and the church-goers were out in force everywhere, of which the Methodist churches got their full share. Indeed, if the petty malice which creeps out so frequently of late against our denomination, in the secular press, is any indication, we are doing a great deal better than the world likes to see; and where the world rises up in arms in opposition to any workers of righteousness, we may be sure the flesh and the devil are not far behind.

It is a pity that some of our sister Churches are so ready to lend the enemy a helping hand, and so weaken the cause which we are charitable enough to believe, we all wish to advance. The Baptists, heretofore, have been, so far, the foremost in this respect, and might well be careful, lest, having shown the wind, they reap the whirlwind, and find the storm beating wildly upon their own heads.

Certainly, nothing could be of less importance to a great Christian body like the Methodist Episcopal Church, than the defection of one that she had admitted to her ministry. If one of her Bishops, to-day, should determine to step down and out, into another de-

nomination, there might be a sharp ripple of criticism upon his action; but it would have no more effect upon the Church at large than the writing of the stroller upon the sand. The waves would wash it out at the first incoming of the surf, and utter forgetfulness would take its place. How much less important, then, must be the departure of one whose experience goes hand in hand with insufferable vanity, and who will surely live to regret the step he has taken. Yet an outsider might suppose, from the ravings of our Baptist friends, that the recovery of Emory S. Haynes is like snatching a soul from the burning, if, indeed, it is not more meritorious. They cry aloud with great delight as he enters the ecclesiastical bath-tub; and so great is their ecstasy when he degrades himself so much as to submit to a re-ordination, that Dr. Fulton proclaims him to be only the van-guard of a host of preachers that are hurrying to repudiate their ordination vows, and fling out the standard of immersion. It would be of the very least importance what Dr. Fulton says—we are prepared for any absurdity in his case—but it commits the whole Baptist denomination to a course of action that virtually makes it an ally of the enemy. Henceforth they say, "We fight this battle alone." And the world looks on and laughs; for it knows that Dr. Fulton's statement is not true. That, done, it scores one for its side, and who shall say it was not fairly earned?

With this step gained, our worldly enemies take fresh courage, and boldly say that the dissatisfaction among the ministry and people is becoming general. We are told that at a meeting of the Preachers' Meeting, "there were many long faces, and the Presiding Elders were beset by brethren who have been sent to Hardscrabble circuits, where they cannot live, and they are desirous of some change for the better." And we are gravely informed that "it would not be surprising if there should be a regular stampede of the discontents to denominations which do not make itinerancy a part of their system." Well, the meeting was private, and the reporter drew on his imagination freely; but his story was just as true as Dr. Fulton's, and, if it could only be reconciled in some way to the usages of Methodism, a good deal more probable. Then the changes have been rung, in all possible ways, on the statement that the membership are refusing to receive the minister appointed, and are going headlong into Congregationalism. And this is just as true as the other, and has the third member of the firm we alluded to in the beginning of our letter, for its father. Still it cannot be disguised that Dr. Fulton and his followers, together with all men who hate Christianity, are entirely ready to have a *salutaria* on the disintegration of the Methodist Church, and are impatient for the exercises to begin. The saddest part—for them—is that it hasn't come, doesn't come, and, so far as we can see, never will come. If there is a Church that looks to be founded on a rock, sure and steadfast, it is this Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. She is increasing in wealth and influence for everything that builds up the nation's honor, and, as we verily believe, she is growing in grace and culture from day to day.

What are the real facts in the case, so far as this city and its surroundings are concerned? Simply this, that at the beginning of no Conference year were ever the prospects so bright for a successful season. So far as we can learn, there is entire harmony between ministers and people, and a determination for the heartiest co-operation in all grades of work. The preacher has come to his field of labor with cheerfulness, and the people have received him with open arms. The very falsehoods and sarcasms of the secular press, and those who sympathize with it, have had the effect to check bitterness and close up the ranks. At no time has the spirit of the former times, when the denomination was slowly, though surely, taking and holding its position, been so thoroughly aroused. Our preaching has more power; our prayer-meetings are fervent and warm; our Sunday-schools are filling up; everywhere there is life and energy. Let our readers take courage, and have no fear for the battle in this quarter. The Churches in New York and Brooklyn, under God's favor, mean to win the fight.

May 7, 1877.

CLARKE.

Editorial Items.

The great work among the intemperate and reformed men in connection with the revivals, can hardly fail to bring into new prominence the question of using fermented wine at the communion service. Hundreds of men who have been drunkards have been converted. God has given them the grace needed for the resistance of the temptations of the street. But the appetite for drink is, as Mr. Sawyer happily phrases it, only "covered up." So long as the reformed man keeps away from liquor, and is busy in the service of the Master, he is safe. But the appetite is only dormant, and can easily be stirred into activity. Mr. Gough had expressed the feelings of thousands of reformed men, when he asserts that he would not, even after his many years of abstinence, dare to taste a drop of alcoholic beverage of any kind. What shall be said of those who have been freed from the chains of appetite but a few weeks? A single swallow of wine is like a lighted match in a powder magazine to a man who has been addicted to drink, and it makes no difference in results, whether he takes the draught in a rum-shop or at the communion table.

It may be said that man should be very weak to be thus affected; but it is not the weakest that should be most securely guarded? We have in mind a reformed man, free from his appetite for three years, who

tells us that to this day he never dares to drink even water or milk from a tumbler, or goblet, so vividly does the contact of his lips with either bring the old associations to his mind, with their temptations. Shall such a man be asked to kneel at the altar or sit at the table of our Lord, and partake of that which may start him once more on the downward course? Can any pastor, looking into the faces of reformed men who come for the first time to commemorate the love of the Saviour, and the responsibility of offering to them what may prove their ruin? No clergyman would think of offering wine to a reformed man in his own house. Can he with greater propriety do so in the Lord's house?

Standing face to face with a converted drunkard, all quickly the Biblical exegesis or criticism, all traditions and scholarly opinions, pale into insignificance as compared with the greater possibility of sending a human being from the Lord's table to a drunkard's grave. In the past the discussions as to fermented and unfermented wine have been mainly scholarly essays, full of valuable information, and of great importance. But to-day, as never before, with hundreds of reformed drunkards applying for admission to the Churches of the land, it becomes of practical importance. Churches which have thus far retained fermented wine will be called upon to settle the question. Will not some hands falter as they offer alcoholic wine to these weak brethren? No one claims that it is wrong to use unfermented wine. Why, then, when great a peril is involved, should not all Churches of Christ, even though they prefer the alcoholic beverage, make the change? Can any one frame an answer which will satisfy at the judgment day?

Rev. Edwin M. Long, widely known as an evangelist, and as the author of the "Illustrated History of Hymns and their Authors," commenced on May 6th a course of his "eye and ear sermons," in the Monument Square M. E. Church. Each evening the church has been well filled, and a number of penitents have presented themselves at the altar for prayer. This plan of illustrative preaching started in the Union Tabernacle, a large, movable tent church, that was dedicated in Philadelphia under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. in 1858, and in which Mr. Long held 1,900 meetings. After the Tabernacle was worn out, these sermons were matured, adapted to any pulpit, and Mr. Long has preached some of them in 700 churches and 10 States of the Union. Thousands have professed conversion in connection with him in evangelistic labors. Each sermon is illustrated by a connected series of large Scripture paintings, designed and arranged by Mr. Long expressly for preaching purposes. Each painting is headed by the text of Scripture which it illustrates. The several texts form the links in the train of thought, and embody the points of the sermon. Thus great prominence is given to the words of eternal life which address both eye and ear. Thousands have professed conversion in connection with this form of illustrative preaching.

On next Sabbath Mr. Long is expected to commence a series of meetings in the Trinity M. E. Church, Worcester. As he will spend some time in New England, any pastor desiring his services will address him, in care of Rev. A. B. Kendall, Worcester, Mass.

Has it ever occurred in modern times, that around any layman such a literature has gathered as that which embodies the discourses and incidents of D. L. Moody? His books are now, in the period of three or four years, nearly as voluminous as those of Mr. Spurgeon. The last volume we have seen is the book that has been republished from the columns of the *Boston Globe* during the past four months. It is entitled, "To All People," and contains his sermons, temperance and prayer-meeting addresses, and the incidents of his life. The volume we have seen is the book that has been republished from the columns of the *Boston Globe* during the past four months. It is entitled, "To All People," and contains his sermons, temperance and prayer-meeting addresses, and the incidents of his life. The volume we have seen is the book that has been republished from the columns of the *Boston Globe* during the past four months. It is entitled, "To All People," and contains his sermons, temperance and prayer-meeting addresses, and the incidents of his life.

Rev. W. D. Bridge writes to us as follows: "Please put a correction in *Zion's Herald* concerning one important matter. The N. E. Conference Minutes, in the article on District Churches, makes this statement: 'That the ministers who receive \$700 (exclusive of house rent) are to give 1 per cent. of the salary to the cause of the foreign and Domestic Missions.' That is an entire mistake. I made the motion in Conference which prevailed (as you will see in my report of the Conference for *Zion's Herald*), that the ministers should give one per cent. of their *entire salary*, provided they received \$700 over and above the house rent. And I calculated that my one per cent. would be \$9.50, but by this new method only \$2.50.

"The Conference was not foolish enough to adopt a resolution which would not bring over \$800, but did adopt a resolution which would bring thousands instead. The word 'gross' should be struck out of the Minutes in the article referred to."

The *Magazine of American History* comes to us each month with an attractive table of contents. The number for May opens with a very interesting article, relating the historical incidents connected with the battle of Saratoga. The second paper is a biographical sketch of Philip Livingston, one of the first delegates from New York to the continental Congress. This is followed by a translation of "Original Documents" of a historical character, and extracts from the diaries of U. S. officers of that period. Also a reprint of a chapter from "Champlain's Voyages," entitled "Norumbega," which cannot fail to interest all readers of American history.

How the death of the little fellow softens all hearts! The whole town was melted when "Little Tad" died in the White House. Now the sincerest and tenderest sympathy flows to the afflicted household of Mr. Haskell, of the *Boston Herald*, in this hour of their sorrow over the grave of the "little boy." These little fellows make the heart ache with their death, and they leave behind the memory of them always sweetens, and grows fragrant as time rolls on. They cannot, indeed, return to our lonely homes, but then, we can go to them, and the circle never breaks again!

The *Central Advertiser* chronicles the death of Rev. Joseph Brooks—the first official editor of that paper—and pays a high and deserved testimony to his memory. He died at Little Rock, Ark., April 3. He was elected governor of the State, in 1875, and became one of the actors in a memorable civil war within its boundary. His sagacity, Baxley, was finally recognized by the Federal Government. In 1875 he was appointed post-master of Little Rock, and held the office when he died.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Quarter.

Sunday, May 27.

Lesson IX. 2 Kings xiii, 14-21.

BY REV. W. R. HUNTINGTON.

THE DEATH OF ELISHA.

"Our people die well," said John Wesley of his followers; and when the founder of Methodism was upon his own death-bed, he raised his voice to a pitch of holy triumph and said, "The best of all is, God is with us"—and he also "died well." When one's life has been well lived, like Elisha's and Paul's, filled full of labors for the truth and for the good of men, then at death the glory of that life gathers like a halo around the pillow, and rests peacefully and gloriously in death. Mozart wrote his Requiem under the conviction that the monument he was raising to his genius, would, by the power of association, prove a universal monument to his remains. When life was fleeting very fast, he called for the score, and musing over it said, "Did I not tell you truly that it was for myself that I composed this death-chant?" When the harmony of a well-spent life comes floating, like undying music, into the chamber of sorrow, where tears fall for the departed, the "sting of death" is taken away. The ancient Turks believed it was written on every man's forehead, when he should die; and were therefore reckless of danger, thinking that exposure could not alter the fate which they carried upon their brows. The better, Christian thought is, that God knows when it is best to call His children to Himself, and by living near Him on earth we are to be always ready to approach nearer to Him through death. How we are to go God alone must determine. Elisha was caught away from the power of death into the realm of deathless life; Elisha, on the other hand, although he had followed in Elisha's footsteps and received his mantle, must go through the ordinary path of sickness, pain and death, to reach his translation.

Elisha was taken sick—about the year 838 B. C., twenty-four years subsequent to the preaching of Jonah at Nineveh. The account does not tell us how long the prophet was sick, but that this was his last illness. He who had cured others had no power to raise himself from the sick-bed. The prophet-physician could not heal himself. We imagine no complaining sufferer, however, as we think of Elisha's sick. The same gentle spirit which he showed in all his active life, no doubt was manifest in sweeter radiance when the passive virtues were required.

And *Joash, the king* . . . came down . . . and wept. This speaks well both for the king and the prophet; for it shows that Elisha was a person of so great worth in the nation that even the king himself was glad to visit him in his sickness. Although Joash continued the questionable rites at Bethel and Dan, he bears a fair character, and had intervals, at least, of sincere piety and true devotion to the God of his fathers, as this visit of sympathy reveals. He saw that this illness of Elisha was liable to terminate his life, and his sympathy and sorrow found expression in tears.

It is always gratifying to know that men of influence and power, who are placed in positions of authority, have, notwithstanding, tender hearts and sympathize with the common lot of men. The Duke of Argyll once joined an attacking corps when it was on the point of striking from the contest; and pushing among them on breast he exclaimed, "You see, brothers, I have no concealed armor. I am equally exposed with you. I require none to go where I shall refuse to go." After these brave words the assault was made and the work was carried.

O my father, my father, etc. These words expressed the king's estimate of Elisha's place in Israel. He had been watchful over the interests of the kingdom, and with a lofty character which every one trusted, he had endeavored himself to the king as well as to his subjects.

The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof—the same phrase that Elisha used at the ascension of his master. No doubt the king felt that if Elisha should be taken away, a great pillar of strength to his people would be lost; and his words express this feeling.

Take bow and arrows. Elisha was now about to utter important messages, and wishing to make his prophecy the more impressive, he asks the king to do this.

It was a dispensation of signs; God's messages were usually accompanied with sensible phenomena. Symbols had much to do with all the spiritual instruction of the Jewish Church. Elisha asks the king to take bow and arrows; only because these were to be a kind of visible language by which the prophecy would be read.

Put thine hand upon the bow. The king was ordered to take a position for shooting; that is, take a warlike attitude.

Elisha put his hands upon the king's hands—which symbolized the relation that divine help should have to the king's affairs.

If God's hand is with ours in any undertaking, success is sure. Said an old heathen warrior, "I am not so mad as to fight against him who trusts to God for his defender and deliverer."

Open the window eastward—another symbolical act signifying to the king that his wars should be in the east, with Syria.

Then Elisha said, Shoot—to indicate that the king of Israel would have to gather his forces, and march them against the enemy, with the directness and energy required by the archer to send his arrow to the mark.

The arrow of the Lord's deliverance. Elisha made the arrow thus discharged

by Joash, means a successful campaign for Israel against Syria. He calls it "the Lord's deliverance," so that the king had the assurance of divine help to win a victory.

Thou shalt smile the Syrians in Aphek—a town near which Benhadad was defeated by the Israelites (1 Kings xx, 26), situated east of the sea of Galilee. There an utter rout of the enemy is promised by Elisha.

Take the arrows . . . and smile upon the ground. Still another significant act was required of the king. In some way the prophet was to discover by the way he smote with the arrows how he would conduct the coming campaign against Syria.

Little things are sometimes taken as indices of a person's character—like the voice, the gait, the dress, the general bearing, or the physiognomy. In this instance it looks as though the keen wisdom of Elisha was able to venture a prophecy upon the manner in which Joash handled the arrows.

The man of God was wrath with him. He was disappointed that Joash did not show more vigor, and that he smote on the ground but three times. He did not see in Joash that persistent energy which alone is the guarantee of greatest success. The king was probably unaware of the significance which Elisha was to attach to the act of smiting the ground, which Joash probably thought was a trivial thing to do.

Thou shouldst have smitten five or six times, then hadst thou, etc. Elisha made much of this event, and foretold that Joash would defeat the Syrians, but that his victory would not amount to the subjugation of the foe.

A truth which is suggested from this episode is, that a man who falls in the details of his common life is apt to fall in the greater interests also. According to Christ's own words this is true, who said, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much."

Now thou shalt smile Syria but thrice. This prophecy was literally fulfilled, as the chapter before us records.

Elisha died, and they buried him. There is no means of determining the exact age of Elisha. From the time he was first introduced to Biblical history, B. C. 906, to the date of his death, it is 88 years. But as he was a full-grown man when called by Elisha in the field, we may safely conclude that he lived to an advanced age. His work was finished. Of most exemplary character, after a long life of abundant labors, having lived in constant fellowship with Jehovah, he rested from his toils and his works followed him.

The bands of the Moabites invaded the land—a tribe descended from Moab, the son of Lot, and thus related to the Hebrews.

Their first hostilities broke out in the times of the Judges. Towards the end of this period, however, peace and friendship were restored, and Moab often afforded a place of refuge to outcasts and emigrants. David made them tributary to Israel, and taxes were levied upon them by Israel even after the division of the kingdom. Against Ahab Moab revolted from taxation. Judah and Israel united to subdue the revolt, but with only partial success. The Moabites were powerful enough, with their allies, to harass both kingdoms through a series of years.

At the coming in of the year—the spring time, the season when campaigns were usually begun.

As they were burying a man, etc. A party of Hebrews, while taking a body to its burial, saw one of these predatory bands of the Moabites, and were alarmed.

They cast the man into the sepulchre of Elisha—a hurried disposal of the corpse. They chanced to be near the sepulchre, and by simply setting aside the stone at the door, they found a temporary hiding place for the body.

When the man . . . touched the bones of Elisha, he revived, etc. Dead bodies were simply swathed, not enclosed in coffins; so that the two bodies came in contact. This most singular miracle was to serve, no doubt, in strengthening the faith of the king in Elisha's God, who blessed even the bones of the prophet with life-giving power.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, May 27.

1. What was the character of Joash?
2. How did he regard Elisha?
3. Tell the story of the bow and arrows.
4. Upon what did Elisha base his prophecy that the king would not completely subdue the Syrians?
5. Who were the Moabites?
6. What remarkable miracle closed the chapter of Elisha's remarkable career?

TESTIMONY MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA.

BY M. E. W.

A dark, rainy afternoon saw a small, quiet group gathered in Mrs. Keen's parlor, 1,209 Arch Street, Philadelphia, to spend an hour and a half in testimony and prayer.

Rev. Mr. Longacre presided, and read the first chapter of 1st John. He said:—

"I suppose that so long as we live in a world of sense, surrounded by things that we can see and handle, we shall be tempted to regard divine things as unreal, and spirituality as impracticable. Yet we all know what we should ever endeavor to keep in mind, that these other things are the shadows, and that God's work is as real as life and eternity. I have been thinking how little I do for my own salvation. I

think good thoughts, I pray earnest prayers, but we all know the futility of our prayers and resolves. We come to the very edge of the Divine, but find we have no power to lift ourselves up to it. But there comes a time, we hardly know how, when we forget ourselves, cease from our own work, and look up to Him. Then God comes and sweeps through us, revealing Himself in all His fullness, and we find a new power to lift us up to the Divine.

All here present, all who have had any experience in Christian life, know something of what it is to get to the end of human work and to touch the divine; to be swept into new volitions, and enabled to do the will of God. I would that every one here would learn that this power is divine. There is no weakness to be thought about, but the strength of God; no speculations about doctrine, but His power to save men. May you all get out of self and find the power of God! Then there will be no question as to ability, enemies, obstacles or crosses, but only as to who is with us—God! Cannot we who are dealing with God, trust Him and stand strong in His power? We have come here this afternoon to touch Him. Let us call Him ours because He has died for us; ours because He has offered Himself to us; ours because all that He has pledged for our success.

And if our poor little hand of faith touches God, let us be asking, How shall He use us? Where shall He send us? and be ready to yield Him a sweet, willing obedience; our feet, our hands, our tongues, all ready to do Him service. Never need we ask if anything is hard, but only if it is His will. For it has pleased God to hinge His almighty power on trust, while doubt cuts us off from all realization of His power."

As usual, the meeting was informal, one after another speaking, with more or less power. From among the utterances we call the following:—

Every Tuesday we receive an invitation direct from our Father, and how many have gathered here from week to week! It is a precious fellowship, and it will not be very long before we all meet in the realms of light and glory. I was going, last winter, to meet an appointment one dark and stormy night, when I borrowed a lantern which threw light just about my pathway. God's will is a lamp to our path, and we have no need to question about the darkness. Just trust Jesus, and all will be right.

I have had a key to the reservoir of all good things given me, even faith. I can just turn it on and be altogether in the light. I am walking in the light, and saying "amen" to everything said by those who are walking in sanctification. If it were not for this grace, I know I'd be back in the bar-room; back smoking cigars, and doing all kinds of evil. Every day sin is becoming more hateful to me. Once duty was a drag, but now I hunger after God. I have good thoughts now, and when evil ones come they don't find a lodgment; they are not evil thoughts, but thoughts of evil. I see multitudes of men reeling by as I used to do when I sold a hat from off my head to buy liquor, and I wonder why God should have saved me. I am a happy man. I have full salvation. I am saved in my body and in my soul. It's a precious way open for every one who will have Christ.

In a multitude of words there is evil. We may talk too much, even about good things. This is the Lord's meeting. We are here to do His will, and we know that will by the Comforter which He has given us. I thank God that I was pardoned in early life, sanctified, as I understood it, about two years ago, and accepted the Holy Ghost as my teacher one year ago. He is the only teacher I need—a Guide in all things. I reckon myself dead unto sin. It is hard to die, and some die slowly, but it's best to die at once as quickly as possible. If you find signs of returning life anywhere, die on that point and die quickly. Then live the life of faith in the Son of God. Put off the old man and put on the new; put on Christ, eat His flesh, drink His blood; be dissolved in God; this is His will.

I thank God for such a Saviour and such a salvation. I realize His presence as never before. I want never to forget that presence for one moment. I feel to-day my utter nothingness and unprofitableness in His sight.

Since I have been sitting here the Lord has been setting me free from a temptation. I have been for weeks especially desirous of being wholly the Lord's, of being used in His service, or set aside according to His will; but just on this very point Satan has been tempting me. I felt that perhaps something in me was hindering, and I asked my Heavenly Father again and again to show me what it was, and wondered that He did not. But to-day He has shown me that my responsibility does not extend beyond my light, and that so far as I can see I am fully consecrated to God, laid all and entirely upon His altar. I desire to go forward in simple and implicit obedience to the Spirit and the Word of God.

That is the true idea of temptation. God's controversies with us are always in definite lines, but Satan is crooked, perverse, uncertain. God is light. In Him is no darkness at all. If we fail through mistakes or weakness of vision, He always gives us clear light, but doubt; that comes from Satan. But there is not always an honest heart to receive it. We are so wedded to our own way that we follow it, and then fancy that we choose God's will. We may not be conscious of it, but the statement is false, for we always follow our choice. I was glad to hear our friend in the beginning of the meeting speak of the uselessness of human

efforts. It is strange how far we can go, how far Christians can go, even those who are honestly anxious to do the whole will of God, and yet not do the one thing which brings them into contact with His infinity. They will do Christian work, read books, go to meetings and offer agonizing prayers, but just not exercise that simple faith in Him without whom we can do nothing. To act for God, we must act upon a positive faith.

The Family.

PRAY FOR ME.

BY A. L. HALLS.

Once in the classroom holy,
A friend, who beside me stood,
Told of his toil and endeavor
To reach the highest good.
Then came the request, low uttered,
"Pray, let I go astray!"
And our hearts rose in earnest pleading
For our friend, that Sabbath day.

And again, 'neath the starlight golden,
Were the same words spoken low:
"Pray for me, lest temptation
O'ercome me here below!"
And prayers that His strength be given,
And rich measure of His love,
To lead in unwavering journey,
To lose in His throne above.

And off in a quiet chamber,
When three heads were bowed in prayer,
A Fourth, unseen, was present,
And His blessing entered there.
Each prayed, from a full heart's longing,
That our God, the mighty to save,
Should hold us safe in His bosom,
However the storms might rave;

That in all this world's temptations,
Sealing on us unwavering,
We might be kept, unspotted,
Safe in His tender care.

That charity, like a garment,
Might cover our brother's sin;
That truth, like a clearest crystal,
Each soul might dwell within;
And that faith in our Father's goodness,
Undoubting faith be given,
To lead us, in all our wanderings,
Safe back to our home in heaven.

O Father, as Thou hast promised,
Both to hear and answer prayer,
May we every trial and burden
Cast on Thy tender care!
Keep us, where'er Thou leadest,
Let us ne'er from Thee depart,
Feeling safe, whatever the darkness,
In following where Thou art.
Santa Barbara, Cal.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

BY EDEN A. REKFOR.

"You must be careful and not get out of sight of the house," said Mrs. Gray to her children, Willie and Ruth, one afternoon, as they started out in search of berries. "If you get into the woods ever so little ways, you might get lost, and have to stay out all night."

"Oh, we'll be careful," answered Willie, without thinking half so much of what his mother was saying as he was of the strawberries they were hoping to find. "Come on, Ruth, if you're ready." And taking his basket in one hand, and Ruth's chubby fingers in the other, he set off.

It was a beautiful summer day. The sun made the air warm and drowsy, and they didn't feel very much like taking any extra trouble to find berries when they had reached the brook where they had expected to find them, and found that there were none there.

So they sat down on the bank, where great spikes of scarlet cardinal flowers grew, looking like torches aflame among the rushes and the willows, and busied themselves with setting leaves adrift upon the water, and playing they were boats. Some of them sailed on safely out of sight, and some of them got wrecked among the tiny cypresses and bays along the brook's edges.

Then some great yellow and brown butterflies came flying lazily along, and Ruth wanted one of them to take home with her, and both of them undertook to catch them. But the butterflies managed to keep out of reach, and kept flying on a little way farther, where they would light on the cardinal flowers until the children were close to them, and were sure they were going to catch them this time. Then up and away the gorgeous things would fly, farther on down the brook, and Willie and Ruth would follow. But they caught no butterflies that day.

"We can't catch 'em," said Ruth, at last, almost out of patience. "Let 'em go, if they want to, naughty things! I don't want 'em!"

Ah, little Ruth! So many of us have tried to make ourselves believe that we don't want the things we can't have, after we have found out that they are out of reach.

Then they began hunting birds' nests, and Willie found one in an alder-bush that Ruth declared to be the prettiest thing she had ever seen, without any exception.

"Prettier than mother's gold beads," cried Ruth; and "mother's gold beads" had heretofore stood at the head of beautiful things, in Ruth's estimation.

And the nest was a pretty thing, built of twigs and moss, and lined with down, and in it were five tiny blue eggs, all covered with gray specks. "Oh, just let me touch one," cried Ruth, in ecstasy. "Ain't they lovely? How I wish I could have just one of 'em! Do you suppose the old bird would care, Willie?"

"I don't know," said Willie. "I've heard birds couldn't count."

"Then she'd never miss one, would she?" asked Ruth. "I'm going to take just one, the weeest little one," and she lifted it in her palm, with a longing glance at the other four, from which

she turned away presently with a sigh. She wished she could have them all.

Just then Willie discovered some wild strawberries, and they recollected all at once what they had come after, and fell to work with a will. Away from the brook, on the edge of the woods, they found the berries thicker, and kept going on from one patch to another until their basket was nearly full. Then, all at once, it began to grow dusky in the thick woods, and in a very few minutes it was dark.

"It isn't only a little ways home, 'cross lots," said Willie. "Take hold of my hand, Ruth, and we'll be home in a few minutes."

Ruth adjusted her egg safely, and then took hold of Willie's hand, and they started for home. But instead of coming out into the clearing as Willie had supposed they would, they seemed to get farther into the woods. It was quite dark now, and very still, except for the sound of their own footsteps, which cracked the dry twigs, and set the echoes to ringing in all directions.

"Ruth," said Willie, presently, as they stopped to take breath, "I do believe we're lost."

"Oh dear!" said Ruth, and began to cry. "I'll never see mother again, I know."

"Yes, you will, too," said Willie bravely. "Let's go on a little farther, and then if we don't get out of the woods, we'll find some place to stay in all night, and in the morning we can follow our track back."

So they set off again, and pretty soon Ruth tumbled down and broke her bird's egg. But she didn't care much about that by this time. Then Willie stumbled over a log and spilled every one of his strawberries, and lost all of his shoes, and they couldn't find a trace of it, it had grown so dark.

"I'm so tired," sobbed poor little Ruth. "Let's crawl in among these bushes and rest."

"We will," said Willie; and the children crawled into an old tree-trunk, and hid themselves among the leaves.

"Lay your head down in my lap and go to sleep," said Willie.

Ruth lay down, but declared she could never go to sleep there. But pretty soon she had half forgotten her troubles, when—

"Hoo-hoo! hoo-hoo! hoo-hoo-hoo!" screamed out an owl right over their heads, and Ruth cried out in terror, and clung to Willie, sobbing as if her heart was breaking.

"It's nothing but an owl," said Willie, reassuringly, but his heart was beating very fast.

After that, for as much as an hour, they heard nothing, but neither of them could get to sleep.

"Hark!" said Ruth, by and by. "I hear something stepping on the leaves like a dog. I guess it's a bear! Oh dear! What shall we do?" and she began to cry again.

"I wish we had Lion here," said Willie. "He'd keep everything away."

"The steps keep coming nearer," said Ruth, listening between her sobs. And sure enough they did. They could hear them on the leaves, here and there, and they sounded like the tread of some large animal.

"Oh, we'll be eat up!" cried Ruth. "If we'd minded mother, and not got out of sight of the clearing, we wouldn't have been killed."

"We haven't been killed yet," said Willie, whose conscience began to tell him that it would have been much better for them if they had "minded mother."

Nearer came the steps.

"Oh!" cried Ruth, all a-tremble with terror. "He's on this tree, and he's coming right straight to us. Sho-oo!" with a wild effort to frighten the intruding animal away from their hiding-place.

"Bow-wow-wow!" came back in reply.

"It's Lion!" cried both of the children together, and scrambled out to meet their visitor, who pushed his shaggy head in among the branches, barking delightedly.

"You splendid old Lion!" cried Ruth, clinging to his neck as glad to see him as she ever was to see any one in the world. "You good old fellow! You won't let anything hurt us, will you?"

"Hallo, Lion, where are you?" called out a voice, a little way off.

"There's father," cried Willie. "Here we are, father!" and both of them were out of the tree-top in a twinkling.

"Well, I'm glad to find you," said Mr. Gray, taking Ruth in his arms. "We've been frightened about you. Your mother's terribly alarmed."

"We'll mind always, after this," whispered Ruth. "I'm so sorry I broke my bird's egg that I was taking to mother, and Willie spilled every one of his strawberries."

It wasn't half a mile home, when they got started in the right direction.

Mrs. Gray was so delighted to have them safe home that she didn't scold them for disobeying her, but Willie and Ruth both told her that they were sure they got lost to pay for not minding.

JOY IN SORROW.

BY MARIA BRUCE LYMAN.

We have somewhere read that "beside every sorrow there is a compensatory joy, which the sufferer may call if he chooses." All along the pathway of life we find thorns. Footsore and weary, we stop and dwell upon the pain and sadness, and wonder if we can ever endure to the end. Death comes into our circle, and takes a dear one upon whom

we had leaned for comfort, and we feel that we are left behind to suffer alone. In agony of soul, we cry out, "My cross I cannot bear!" Where is the compensatory joy for such griefs?

To the Christian, in the silence of grief, there comes a gentle mandate bidding him look up from earth's sorrows to that heavenly home, where the dear departed has gone to dwell with Jesus; and as we forget our own selfish sorrow, and dwell upon the unending joys of our loved one, we are led to rejoice. He who has said, "Lo! I am with you always," seems nearer to us than ever before, and speaks words of comfort, bestowing that benediction which ever rests upon His sorrowing ones, thus lifting us up above the weariness and anguish of earth's sorrows, and giving rest and peace.

Yes, there is a joy with every sorrow which is ready for God's trusting ones. Faith, which is precious in freedom from sorrow, becomes ten-fold more precious when the cloud of suffering falls upon our hearts; for then the Lord Jesus comes behind the darkness of the sorrow, and in "His light we see light," and realize more than ever before that our Jesus is more to us than any earthly friend, and He will always stay with us.

A few months ago, the angels came and bore away two loved ones from a dear old home, who had made sunshine for that home circle for many years; and with bleeding hearts the good-by was spoken. As the slow, heavy tread was heard, of those who carried the precious bodies out to their last resting place, and memory brought to mind the four like scenes which had sanctified and hallowed on the dear home, all could exclaim, "The Lord has kept us and blessed us through them all. He has given us joy in our deepest sorrows, and we will trust Him forever!"

Earthly friends are powerless to help us at such times. Even our nearest and dearest often increase our sorrow, as we witness their grief and realize our inability to alleviate. Where, then, can those find comfort who do not know the blessed Lord? Where can they find light in such gloom?

Ah, yes! there is joy in sorrow to one whose trust is in God, who rests in the Saviour, and opens his heart for the sweet comforts which the Holy Spirit is ever ready to bestow. A young mother who has recently laid the precious form of her first-born 'neath the shades of Mount Ararat, writes: "The cross is heavy, but Christ helps me bear it. The anguish is great, but the Holy Ghost helps me to endure it."

Helps you such a helper, dear mourner? Do you know Jesus in all His fullness just now? If so, you know all the sweetness of joy in the midst of deepest sorrow.

THE CHRYSALIS.

BY ELEANOR.

Lay an insect, winged creature,
Prisoned from the day;
From the light and joy of sunshine
Curtailed close away
By a wall of clay.

But within that narrow prison,
Wings divine be bore;
And, impelled by heaven-born longing,
Never felt before,
Struggled more and more.

Knowing not their powers completely,
All their purpose grand,
Still he felt the wings he could not
Fully yet expand—
Pressed on either hand.

Friendly hands came to his siding,
Rent the clay aside;
Came he forth from out the prison
Where he had abide
To the world outside.

Stood a moment, all amazement
At the prospect free;
Stretched his wings; then, with a flutter,
Like a thrill of life,
Soared to liberty.

So many a prisoned spirit,
Longing for the stars,
Wings divine forever beating
'Gainst its prison bars,
Till the frail wall jars,

When some friendly, white-robed angel
Rends the shell some day,
Stand amazed, to find from heaven
It was kept away
But by walls of clay.
Methuen.

SOME WORDS TO YOUNG CONVERTS.

THIRD PAPER.

Be constant in your attendance upon the means of grace. Consider it just as imperative a duty to be in your place at the Sabbath services, or at the prayer-meeting, as you would be to be at your place of business, or in the school-room. You have the direction in the Word of God—"Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together."

Do not add to the number, already so large, of those who cannot attend church if the weather is unpleasant, or if they do not feel quite well. If you are inclined to stay at home, ask yourself if the reason you assign is one which you would offer for neglect of business.

Your duty to your pastor demands your attendance upon the preaching service. He is watching over you, praying for you, oh, with what loving anxiety! As he prepares his sermons, his thoughts turn to you. He seeks earnestly to aid you by words of advice and encouragement. His heart, burdened with care and responsibility, gathers courage for his arduous life-work, as looking over his congregation he meets the sympathizing glance of those who have been led to Christ by his efforts.

Do not neglect the class-room. God has abundantly blessed this means of grace. Make it a point to be at class-meeting every week. You will there

gain strength by listening to the testimonies of more experienced Christians, you will become acquainted with the members of "the household of faith," and you will receive instruction which will be of inestimable value to you in your Christian warfare.

Be in your place, if possible, at the general prayer-meeting, and be there not merely as a listener, but as a worker. Be ready as opportunity offers, to bear testimony for your Master. Do not attempt to make a speech—simply tell what Jesus has done for you. A cross it may be, very heavy sometimes, but remember, "Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven."

It may at times require sacrifice if you resolve to attend to these duties, whether you feel like it or not. But you will be richly repaid for any little sacrifice you may make, and with an ever-increasing love for the services of the sanctuary, you will exclaim with the

